

## THE ARGUS.

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Friday, December 24, 1915.

## Rock Island—From River to River.

Christmas eve.

'Twas the night before Christmas.

A Merry Christmas, peace and good will to all.

Mrs. Maria Clingman of Freeport, Ill., admits her age to be 166 years—which shows all women are not alike.

A little tumbling down of the mercury would do a great deal toward making us realize the season that is with us.

There's only one way to acquire wisdom, but when it comes to making a fool of yourself you have your choice of a million different ways.

A dinner costing \$8.05 in New York can be bought in Berlin in wartime for \$2.10. That would seem to indicate that food is plenty in Germany or the restaurant keeper has a conscience.

It is worthy of note that all the gentlemen attaches, ambassadors, etc., that the United States has had occasion to dismiss since the war commenced have had a good word to say for our country when they left.

The people of the United States have been so busy with their Christmas shopping that they have not been paying much attention to the Ancona incident. They consider the state department capable of handling this situation. And they are right.

It is said that more than half the males in the world are here in the United States. As most of us know a few of them and are often obliged to associate or negotiate with them, perhaps this accounts for the high percentage of exasperation that is manifested in everyday life.

Now comes the story of a woman who has been bedfast 55 years. Her name is Mrs. Sarah Foster, and her home is in North Manchester, Ind. She was paralyzed before the Civil war broke out. All that she has seen of the world since 1861 has been from a tiny bed room window. But she says, "It's all for the best." This spirit of resignation may not have made Mrs. Foster very happy, but one thing is sure—it has done a lot for those around her!

## WILSON AND MEXICO.

The opponents who hope to depose President Wilson at the next presidential election are finding their task growing more impossible every day as the soundness of his policies withstand in succession the assaults launched against them. Their latest grief is "The Mexican Policy," which they have thoroughly condemned but which has finally been completely vindicated by the signing of an agreement between Villa and Carranza which removes the northern chief and his faction forever from Mexican politics and clears the way for the restoration of peace.

The Mexican problem was not born to the democratic administration but was left a founding upon its doorstep, by the republican administration of President Taft. Despite the infallibility of republican doctrines, the retiring administration, though it had the opportunity, had failed to solve the question. Coming new to office President Wilson found much to occupy his time besides Mexico's internal troubles and for a long while attempted nothing.

Having set his house in order President Wilson turned a calculating eye on Mexico and perceived that matters there had not progressed to anything like a climax. Clamorous republicans demanded he do something, but the president elected to wait watchfully. As encroachments of Mexican policies demanded it he stirred the machinery of this government until the Mexican leaders were firmly convinced that the new man in the White house thoroughly understood what he was doing.

Convinced that Carranza represented the strength of Mexico and that Villa was but sporadic President Wilson decided to recognize the first chief and, having reached this decision, his Mexican policy quickly developed until now the removal of Villa completely settles the difficult riddle left by the republicans, to the satisfaction of everyone except Villa and the republican opponents of the president.

President Wilson has had piled upon his shoulders more grief and woe of international relations than any man since Lincoln, but he brought to the presidential chair an intellect and understanding unsurpassed by any since the Great Emancipator. He has filled his office completely and thoroughly and as quickly as his opponents have found an "issue" he has,

by his wisdom and diplomacy, removed it. When Mr. Wilson finally retires to private life it will not be through defeat because of an error of judgment.

## BE FAIR.

The unfairness of a portion of the republican press toward the present democratic administration in dealing with our foreign affairs, has been such as to justify the resentment of all fair-minded men.

One of the worst offenders is the Chicago Tribune which, for partisan reasons, is persistently attacking every act of the president in his dealings with the nations at war in Europe.

The Tribune prints a timely communication from a "disappointed subscriber," who, after citing a number of striking illustrations of the Tribune's unfairness, addresses the editor of that newspaper thus:

"You carry at the head of your editorial column the motto: Our Country, Right or Wrong, and just below you denounce the acts of the responsible head of our country whether they be right or wrong. In your enthusiasm for 'preparedness' you apparently will do anything to try to forward your ideas, even though it may plunge the nation into war.

"One day you state that the Ancona note to Austria is too harsh. The next day you charge that the president knew Austria would yield and had purposely made the note sharp in order to claim another diplomatic victory. And then you dare come out in the headlines announcing that the Austrian admiral refuses to disavow the act of the submarine commander. Such a course is more dangerous to our country than any foreign foe.

"While I believe this country should be better prepared to defend itself against attack, I am not willing, as the Tribune apparently is, to plunge it into war just to be able to say 'I told you so.' If you are sincerely in favor of preparedness, cut out your partisan discussions and give us some articles along the line that as long as strong, autocratic, centralized governments, which are best suited for carrying on war, exist and are bent on making war, democrats must be prepared to defend themselves or else they will perish from the earth. At least try to be fair, and if you cannot be fair be just as fair as you can."

These same newspapers, so reckless now in their unjustified condemnation of President Wilson, would have demanded that he be shot at sunrise if this nation had become involved in war with Mexico, or had been drawn early into the European war by diplomatic blunders, says the Springfield Register.

There were no diplomatic blunders. Our nation is at peace. Through several very startling crises we have passed safely. President Wilson has stood firmly for peace. He has pleased the people he was elected to serve. That he is being maligned by unfair newspapers because he did his duty is only multiplying his supporters.

## FIRST STEAMBOAT.

How prone men are to hold fast to a view they have embraced, even after it has been utterly disproved. Take, for instance, the case of Robert Fulton and the invention of the steamboat. He has always been distinguished for operating the first steamboat, and only recently a great anniversary was observed in New York in honor of him and his invention. Yet we read in "The Social Forces of American History" the following:

"Fitch's steamboat was making regular trips up and down the Delaware in 1790. His neighbors looked upon him as a half-insane crank. He was to share the fate of a multitude of those who have lightened the labor of the world. He died in poverty, the butt of ridicule, while another man and generation reaped fame and wealth from his ideas."

This intelligence is supported by an advertisement in the Pennsylvania Packet of June 14, 1790, that "The Steam-Boat is now ready to take Passengers, and is intended to set off from Arch Street ferry in Philadelphia, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Burlington, Bristol, Bordentown and Trenton." This steamboat was John Fitch's and it antedated Fulton's Clermont 17 years, and it made regular trips for three months. The original model of the engine that ran this steamboat is at the Archeological building in this city, says the Ohio State Journal.

We have always considered it an outrage to deprive John Fitch of the honor of this great invention and turn it over to another, who was only Fitch's imitator.

## ENGLAND'S PLIGHT.

Part of Lloyd-George's speech in the house of commons Monday will strike other allied countries as more than strange—there is danger they will not be able to appreciate the situation in England as detailed by Mr. Lloyd-George.

He was making an appeal to labor to help him in the making of ammunition. He told that the whole question depends on organized labor. Then he added: "Unless it allows us to put unskilled workers on the work which has hitherto been the monopoly of skilled labor, we cannot perform this task. There can be only one appeal, namely, to patriotism. Victory depends on this."

That will make strange reading in the rest of Europe. France is a democratic country, and yet in that place every man is doing all that is in him to bring victory. And there is never any question as to what the Frenchman will do: he will fall in line in the place assigned him to fight the foe, and he doesn't waste any precious time "arguing" the matter.

Of course it is the same way in Italy, Russia, Germany and Austria. Is there any wonder that the outside world is saying of this fight that England has proved a grave disappointment?

## Selected by Tavenner



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

A MILITARISTIC PIPE DREAM.  
(By Savoyard, in The Columbia, S. C., State.)

Of all the crazy visions even the present war has produced, the bloodiest and most destructive of human history, the stuff quoted herein is the dullest. It would appear that the belligerent powers over yonder have nothing in particular in the way of malice against one another. Our Uncle Samuel is the man they are after, and his lands, tenements and hereditaments, goods and chattels, rights and privileges, are to become the spoil of embattled Europe, that is now merely in training for us, as your Fitzsimmons and Jack Johnson get in trim for a prize fight.

Here is this pipe dream:  
"Great Britain is to occupy New England, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida."

"France is to get the French parts of eastern Canada, and the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky."

"Germany is to occupy the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota."

"Japan is to take the Pacific coast, the state of Oregon, upper and lower California."

"Mexico is to be compensated for lower California by ceding to it Arizona, New Mexico, and part of Texas. Russia will receive Alaska."

"The Panama canal will be declared free, while the western states, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah and Colorado will be consolidated into an imperial crown domain of the German empire."

Well, they leave Uncle Sam the District of Columbia. That helps some. This pipe dream appeared in the news columns of a Washington paper one Sunday morning and I doubt if its like ever was printed before. London and Berlin, Paris and Vienna, Petrograd and Constantinople, Rome and Sofia, are no more thinking of a conquest of the United States than they are of a military expedition against the planet Jupiter.

It may be deduced from the idiosyncrasy of the conception that some fellow imagined the stuff and put it in the paper hoping to promote the cause of preparedness.

HEALTH TALKS  
William Brady, M.D.

## Early Signs of Pellagra.

Whatever may be the specific cause of pellagra, be it spoiled maize, a diet too restricted in variety, or some unknown toxin or bacterium, the disease is apparently on the increase in this country, and in some parts of the south it is giving health authorities great concern.

Unfortunately the earlier descriptions of the disease emanated from hospitals for the insane, where many pellagrins ultimately wound up. This has tinged the popular idea of pellagra with the fancy that it is a nervous or mental malady. It is not.

Competent observers in private practice describe the earlier manifestations of pellagra as our old friends, "stomach trouble" and "bilioousness." It is asserted that many pellagrins individuals never exhibit the skin, tongue and nervous symptoms of the disease, but remain throughout life victims of a mild degree of poisoning which manifests itself as "stomach trouble" or "bilioousness."

As early as 1830, the earlier symptoms were given by Boissaint as follows: "Loss of appetite, a disgust for food, a heaviness in the stomach, and dryness of the mouth." And Zanetti, long before that, called attention to the curious unusual lassitude felt by the patient for weeks preceding the eruption, which lassitude made it difficult for the patients (in Italy) to carry on their work.

"Heart burn" and a burning sensation in the stomach are commonly complained of. Pain in the head, a feeling of heat and heaviness in the head, dizziness, a tendency to melancholy, muscular feebleness, constipation or diarrhoea movements almost without odor, red tongue which is furrowed, tremulous and a little swollen—these are suggestive signs.

Dr. H. F. Harris of the Georgia State Board of Health, remarks: "The history of bad health in the spring, summer and autumn, repeated for a number of years, followed by a curious and unaccountable loss of physical strength and mental vigor, a gloomy outlook on life, burning sensation in the stomach, legs or feet, digestive disturbances and a change (exaggeration) of the reflexes constitutes a clinical condition that, so far as I am

To the Readers of The Argus:

The Argus has generously agreed to permit me to make a regular contribution under this head, to use the space as if it were my own. I am left free to make my selection from where I will, whether it is timely or untimely; to search the highways and the byways for what may impress me as of interest and value to the people.

I assure my readers I shall try to make the most of the opportunity. To do so I must forget that party lines exist, and I will, just as I wish it might be practical for them not to exist and that the principal issue on election day might be, not whether a candidate belongs to this or that political party, but whether he is willing to serve the masses of the people or the few who exploit them.

In other words, my idea is to submit information or a thought that I would give to the world if I myself edited a newspaper, the only mission of which was to serve mankind; to do this and nothing more.

When I personally write the contribution, I will sign it, and when I present the thought and work of others I will so indicate.

CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

This is the most extravagant and stupidest crazy dream that the war has produced.

## THE NAVY'S GROWTH.

Statement showing number of officers of navy:

	Exclusive of Cadets under probation
Jan. 1, 1891...	1,483
Jan. 1, 1892...	1,481
Jan. 1, 1893...	1,486
Jan. 1, 1894...	1,478
Jan. 1, 1895...	1,475
Jan. 1, 1896...	1,459
Jan. 1, 1897...	1,450
Jan. 1, 1898...	1,493
Jan. 1, 1899...	1,580
Jan. 1, 1900...	1,712
Jan. 1, 1901...	1,702
Jan. 1, 1902...	1,817
Jan. 1, 1903...	1,921
Jan. 1, 1904...	2,081
Jan. 1, 1905...	2,156
Jan. 1, 1906...	2,278
Jan. 1, 1907...	2,448
Jan. 1, 1908...	2,510
Jan. 1, 1909...	2,678
Jan. 1, 1910...	2,850
Jan. 1, 1911...	2,883
Jan. 1, 1912...	2,936
Jan. 1, 1913...	3,093
Jan. 1, 1914...	3,221
Jan. 1, 1915...	3,403

Statement showing the amounts appropriated for the naval establishment for the fiscal years 1891 to 1915 inclusive:

1891	\$24,610,501.64
1892	32,706,004.58
1893	32,972,347.63
1894	22,467,840.96
1895	25,747,451.59
1896	30,428,421.64
1897	30,952,494.22
1898	21,122,495.88
1899 (Spanish war)	105,978,966.86
1900	50,016,711.61
1901	65,094,484.00
1902	81,710,906.73
1903	82,021,634.40
1904	88,288,217.08
1905	112,438,602.56
1906	104,417,814.21
1907	104,528,348.79
1908	109,629,421.40
1909	123,585,362.61
1910	137,779,172.38
1911	139,341,688.21
1912	127,957,362.74
1913	124,766,287.42
1914	142,908,549.38
1915	145,734,163.03

## CHORDS AND DISCORDS

THERE may be no objection to tilting the lid a bit to permit the information to go forth that Mrs. Hatter is in the millinery business at Elk Point, S. D.

AT that you've got to pass the pain to that youthful Chicagoan who stole a former Davenport congressman's daughter from under his very eyes. He even used father's auto to drive his bride to the minister's home. Big time stuff, say we.

NICK Hunt, new head of the Chicago detective bureau, declares his sleuths know the crooks and must rid the city of them. That's the trouble, Nick, they know them too well.

AN Ohio man lived eight days with part of his brain gone. That's nothing. You know folks who are still breathing among us who never had any to begin with.

IN other words, Emperor Wilhelm merely has the pip.

ALMOND Davis gets his mail at Alpha, Iowa. It is denied that the squirrels follow him.

## Versaille.

It was at a reception, and the two friends had met.

"Do you know," said Ina, "it was as much as I could do to keep from laughing when Josephine was just telling us about her fiancé being 'so versatile'?"

"Meaning Webb?" replied Kathleen, smiling. "Well, dear, he is rather versatile, you know."

"Nonsense!" cried Ina. "You know Kathleen, he is a regular idiot."

"Yes," replied Kathleen, "but he's so many kinds of an idiot."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Adjectives.

Did you ever stop and consult the dictionary while reading advertising matter written by experts?

Sometimes we nearly gaggle our fool head off over some of the adjectives employed.

The other day we were asked point blank, in type big enough for a farm sale bill, if we had ever seen such "startling values" as were shown in somebody's kind of underwear!

"Startling"—get it! Good old "sterling" is worn threadbare and nobody would notice it, so it had to be "startling."

To begin with, can you imagine yourself, unless drunk or delirious, being "startled" by any underwear's value?

You might be "pleased" if it was your own underwear.

You wouldn't care two whoops about it if it was the underwear of some one else, would you?

You wouldn't even so much as know about it, if you are the modest and polite person we hope you are.

We can imagine one's being "startled" by underwear, but not in that way.

The sudden display of anyone's intimate garments in public is not the least "startling" thing we know of.

When we find we have been walking for four or five blocks on a well lighted street, with a young lady behind us that we had a never absent masculine hope of impressing favorably—even when we have found that one of our (speaking plainly) garters was dragging the pavement, we have been "startled," and so would anybody else have been if we had said loudly what our impulse dictated.

We have even been worse than "startled" when we involuntarily glanced toward the observing young lady and noted that she looked elsewhere but smiled pleasantly.

But was the young lady "startled" by the quality of our garter?

No. When she first saw it trickling along like purple elastic nemesis, she may have been "startled."

But not at the value of the thing. The young man who attempted to pull a thread from the young lady's shoulder and ultimately, as discovered by her mother, entirely removed the young lady's union suit by raveling—that young man may have been "startled" and suspicious at the length of the thread he pulled out.

But "startled" at the value of one's underwear?

A brace of nays.

Good value is never "startling" to us except when we get it in dealing with a man we had thought was crooked.

Some advertisers should change their stock of adjectives.—Strickland Gillilan.

YES, I am through for another year," writes Ignatz. "But with me, as with most men, it was not Christmas shopping. It was Christmas slopping. For man, to my notion, is the sloppiest shopper extant."

## Another's Opinions.

The poor man who raffles for a turkey is apt to go hungry.

Any married man can agree with his wife—but what's the use?

It often happens that a man who is his own boss sees few pay days.

If a man has money to burn some dear young thing is willing to strike a match.

No doubt most of the happiness in the world is due to the fact that ignorance is bliss.

Lots of men who have no faith in Darwin's theory are busy transforming themselves into monkeys again.

Wise men change their opinions occasionally, but the fool who can change a \$1,000 bill commands more respect.—Chicago News.

J. M. C.

## The Daily Story

An Open Question—By Dwight Norwood.

During the last years of the nineteenth century in Kentucky and Tennessee feuds were carried on which seemed to be interminable. Such a feud existed between the Bokers and the Haywoods. Tom Haywood was the last victim, and Hank Boker was suspected of the killing.

Now, Hank Boker had met Lizzie Haywood, and the two had drifted into a love affair. But they had not dared to let any one know it, for such a union would be forbidden by both families. One morning when Lizzie was out of doors hanging up clothes from the wash she heard a thud behind her. Turning, she saw a bit of white paper tied to a stone. Picking up the paper and looking about her furtively, she read the words, written in pencil:

Bring someone to eat. I'm in the ravine and starving.

Lizzie knew that her lover was being hunted for his life, and the moment she heard the stone drop and saw the paper she was sure that it was a message from him. Fortunately there was no one at home except herself. Going to the larder, she took out some corn pone and a bit of cold meat and started for the ravine. There she found Hank Boker, exhausted for want of food.

"I didn't do the last job, Lizzie," he said.

"I know you didn't. We're trying to stop the feud, and you'd be the last man to keep it up by another killing."

"They're going to get me; they've got me surrounded."

The girl stood thinking and presently said: "There's but one chance for you. Come into the house, and I'll hide you."

"If they found me there they'd kill you as well as me."

"Maybe they won't find you; anyway, they'll not look for you in the home of a Haywood."

There was a long debate, at the end of which Hank allowed himself to be persuaded, and he followed her to a point near the house. She went forward and, having made sure that no one had come in the meanwhile, beckoned him to come. The only place where he could be hidden was under a bed in the upper story used by the children. Boker sat on the bed while Lizzie watched, and as soon as voices were heard without he crawled under it.

The bed under which Hank hid had been made up for the day, so there was not much probability of a discovery till night, and even then it was not likely.

When evening came the men who had been hunting the human game all day gathered in the house and discussed the matter of their failure to find

one whom they knew to have been in the wood which they had surrounded. While they were debating Lizzie, who was then wiping the supper dishes, said:

"You uns are not on the right track now. Hank didn't do the job."

"How do you know that?" asked her father.

Then Lizzie took the risk of death upon herself in an effort to save her lover and at the same time stop the feud.

"I'll tell you why he didn't do it. It was because he and I are lovers, and there's no way for us to take comfort in each other while this bloody business is going on. Do you suppose Hank would put himself into this fix by shootin' one of our people when he wants to marry me and settle down?"

Her father, who listened to this confession with knit brows, at this point raised his hand to strike her. It was caught and held by Cyrus Marks, a young man about Lizzie's age.

"As long as Lizzie needs me to stand between her and harm," he said, "I'm there."

"She's my darter!" yelled the other.

"And she's the gal I love. If she loves some other man better than me that's her affair, and if she says Hank Boker didn't do this job it's so, by gum, and while I'm alive to prevent it she'll come to no harm!"

"What's Hank?" asked the father, lowering his hand.

Lizzie hesitated for a moment, then said: "I can take you to him. If I do will you hear what he's got to say?"

Nearly every man present answered "yes," and Cyrus Marks, pulling his revolver forward, declared that he would defend Hank with his life.

"This mornin'," said Lizzie, "Hank was hidin' in the ravine. If he isn't there I know what to look for him. He was to go up the mountain. Come with me."

Boker heard every word of this dialogue, and when all had left the house he let himself down from the window and started up to a point above the ravine. At the latter point Lizzie called to him, and when he did not answer she moved on, followed by the men, and farther up called again. This time he answered, and she told him that if he would give himself up his connection with the last killing would be investigated. Then he came forward from out the darkness.